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ESSAY ON MAN,

IN FOUR EPISTLES,

TO

HENRY ST JOHN, LD. BOLINGBROKE,

By ALEXANDER POPE, Esq.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1732.

P E R T H:

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RECOMMENDATORY POEMS.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE ESSAY ON MAN.

WHEN Love's * great goddess, anxious for her son;
Beheld him wand'ring on a coast unknown,
A huntress in the wood she feign'd to stray,
To cheer his drooping mind, and point his way.
But Venus' charms no borrow'd form could hide;
He knew, and worshipp'd his *celestial guide*.

Thus vainly, POPE, unseen you would dispense
Your glorious system of benevolence;
And heav'nly-taught, explain the angel's song,
That praise to God, and peace to men belong.
Conceal'd in vain, the bard divine we know,
From whence such truths could spring, such lines could
flow.

Applause, which justly so much worth pursues;
You only can *deserve*, or could *refuse*.

TO THE *conceal'd* AUTHOR OF THE ESSAY ON MAN.

YES, friend! thou art conceal'd. Conceal'd? but
how?

Ever the brightest, more refulgent now,
By thy own lustre hid! each nervous line,
Each melting verse, each syllable, is thine.

A

* *Æneid* 1.

RECOMMENDATORY POEMS.

But such philosophy, such reason strong,
Has never yet adorn'd thy loftiest song.

Dost thou, satiric, vice and folly brand,
Intent to purge the town, the court, the land?
Is thy design to make men good and wise,
Exposing the deformity of vice?

Dost thou thy wit at once and courage show,
Strike hard, and heavenly vindicate the blow?

Dost thou delineate God, or trace out man,
The vast immensity, or mortal span?

Thy hand is known; nor needs thy work a name,
The poem loudly must the pen proclaim.

I see my friend! O sacred poet hail!
The brightness of thy face defeats the veil.

Write thou, and let the world the writing view,
The world will know, and will pronounce it you.

Dark in thy grove, or in thy closet fit,
We see thy wisdom, harmony, and wit;

Forth breaks the blaze astonishing our sight,
Enshrin'd in clouds, we see, we see thee write.

So the sweet warbler of the spring, alone,
Sings darkling, but unseen her note is known;

And so the lark, inhabiting the skies,
Thrills unconceal'd, though wrapt from mortal eyes.

J. R.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE ESSAY ON MAN.

AS when some student first with curious eye,
Thro' Nature's wondrous frame attempts to pry;
His

RECOMMENDATORY POEMS.

His doubtful reason seeming faults surprise,
 He asks if this be just, if that be wise?
 Storms, tempests, earthquakes, virtue in distress, 5
 And vice unpunish'd, with strange thoughts oppress,
 Till thinking on, unclouded by degrees,
 His mind he opens, fair is all he sees:
 Storms, tempests, earthquakes, virtue's ragged plight,
 And vice's triumph, all are just and right: 10
 Beauty is found, and order, and design,
 And the whole scheme acknowledg'd all divine.

So when at first I view'd thy wondrous plan,
 Leading through all the winding maze of man;
 Bewilder'd, weak, unable to pursue, 15
 My pride would fain have laid the fault on you.
 This false, that ill express'd, this thought not good;
 And all was wrong which I misunderstood.
 But reading more attentive, soon I found
 The diction nervous, and the doctrine sound; 20
 Saw man, a part of that stupenduous whole,
 "Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;"
 Saw in the scale of things his middle state,
 And all his pow'rs adapted just to that;
 Saw reason, passion, weakness, how of use, 25
 How all to good, to happiness conduce;
 Saw my own weakness, thy superior pow'r,
 And still the more I read, admire the more.

R. D.

A. 2

To

RECOMMENDATORY POEMS,

TO MR POPE,

BY A LADY,

FATHER of verse ! indulge an artless muse,
Just to the warmth thy envied lays infuse.
Rais'd by the soul that breathes in ev'ry line,
(My Phœbus thou, thy awful works my shrine !)
Grateful I bow, thy mighty genius own,
And hail thee, seated on thy natal throne.

Stung by thy fame, though aided by thy light,
See bards till now unknown, essay to write :
Rous'd by thy heat, unnumber'd swarms arise,
As insects live beneath autumnal skies :
While Envy pines with unappeas'd desire,
And each mean breast betrays th' invidious fire.

Yet thou, great leader of the sacred train,
(Whose Parthian shaft ne'er took its flight in vain),
Go on, like Juvenal, arraign the age,
Let wholesome satire loose through ev'ry page,
Born for the task, whom no mean views inflame,
Who lance to cure, and scourge but to reclaim.

Yet not to satire all your hours bestow ;
Oft from your lyre let gentler numbers flow ;
Such strains as breath'd thro' Windfor's lov'd retreats,
" And call'd the muses to their ancient seats."
Thy manly force, and genius unconfin'd,
Shall mould to future fame the growing mind ;

RECOMMENDATORY POEMS.

To ripen'd souls more solid aids impart, 23
And while you touch the sense, correct the heart:
Yet though o'er all you shed diffusive light,
Base minds will envy still, and scribblers write.

Thus the imperial source of genial heat
Gilds the aspiring dome, and mean retreat; 30
Bids gems a semblance of himself unfold,
And warms the purer ductile ore to gold:
Yet the same heat assists each reptile birth,
And draws infectious vapours from the earth.

AN ODE

TO THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

In allusion to HORACE.

PINDARUM QUISQUIS, &c.

FOR me how vain to urge my vent'rous flight,
Where only POPE's strong pinion can aspire?
Horace, great source of true poetic light,
Would melt my waxen wings before his fire.

As Thames' clear stream thro' flow'ry margins flows,
At first the humbler treasure of the plain, 6
Till with each spring the swelling current grows,
And rolls his pow'r and commerce o'er the main:

So soft descending from the Muses' hill,
POPE's spreading genius passes ev'ry bound 10

6 RECOMMENDATORY POEMS.

Big with experience, knowledge, taste, and skill,
And flows uncheck'd o'er all poetic ground.

Fresh wreaths on ev'ry side await his head,
Whether in Fancy's * wilds he youthful stray,
In Humour's † frolic round new measures tread, 15
Or boldly follow Pindar's ‡ pathless way.

Religious he maintains the Muse's trust ;
Pure in his breast he guards the sacred fire ;
To his progressive genius strictly just,
Its use dilating as its pow'rs aspire. 20

Whether from antique rust with pious toil
He polish Britain's ancient poets || praise ;
Or planting careful in his better soil,
Preserve more green the Greek and Roman bays §.

Whether the nobler monument ** he frame 25
To those whom virtues, arts or arms adorn ;
Or snatch from envy ††, or the grave, their fame,
Whom pride oppresses, or the virtuous mourn ;

Till (as of old, some heav'n-instructed bard)
To man †† he pleads in truth and wisdom's cause ;
Chastises vice, deals virtue her reward, 31
Supports the pulpit, and supplies the laws.

High

* Pastorals, and Windsor-forest. † Rape of the lock.
‡ Odes. || Chaucer and Donne. § Homer, Horace, Ovid,
¶ Epitaphs. †† Epistles, ‡‡ Essay on man.

RECOMMENDATORY POEMS.

High on the swelling gale of constant praise,

We see this *Swan* of *Thames* sublimely rise,

Ev'n Envy's * breath but serves his flight to raise, 35

And lift his spotless plumage to the skies,

While on the humble banks, far, far below,

Unmark'd my tuneless reed I painful try ;

Like the small bee, with toil collecting flow

The faint perfume which lowly shrubs supply. 40

To move our absent PRINCE†, (the realm's desire),

Then let his skill compose th' attractive song ;

Or you, my LORD, may boldly strike the lyre,

You, to whose call the willing Muses throng.

Perfuaſion decks your words with ev'ry art, 45

To lead the ſocial band in ſportive wit ;

To guide the judgment, and to warm the heart,

While ſenates held in rapt'rous ſilence fit.

Or (though each bard in reverence mute ſhould wait)

A joyful people his return ſhall greet, 50

The buſy hall ſhall ceaſe from loud debate,

Contending parties bow at GEORGE's feet.

Applauding ſenates ſhall record his fame,

And hail the arbiter of Europe home ;

Him

* Dunciad.

† This ode was written when his Maſteſty was expected from Hanover, in the year 1736-7.

RECOMMENDATORY POEMS.

Him haughty Gallia's dread they shall proclaim; 55
From him the Turk and Tartar wait their doom.

Fate never gave a king so great before;
A king so good no nation shall behold;
For him the grateful realm shall Heav'n adore,
For him, whose reign revives the age of gold. 60

To peaceful congress when his arts have led
Europe's contending lords, inur'd to war,
The sacred olive wreath shall grace his head,
That wreath, so often purchas'd by his care.

My voice unheard would join the gen'ral praise, 65
When well plac'd eloquence exhausts the theme;
When mitred lords their hands to Heav'n shall raise,
And give God thanks with piety extreme.

With loyal luxury to croud the board,
Artists shall vie, th' eternal feast succeed; 70
Woods, lakes, and seas, their plenty shall afford,
And slaughter'd hecatombs profusely bleed.

But far from kings and courts, my humbler fate
Blesses with health and peace, my homely fare,
Where my calm wishes frame no schemes of state, 75
But still for BRITAIN'S welfare form the pray'r.

To

RECOMMENDATORY POEMS.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE ESSAY ON MAN.

BY MR SOMMERVILLE.

WAS ever work to such perfection wrought!
How elegant the diction! pure the thought!

Not sparingly adorn'd with scatter'd rays,
But one bright beauty, one collected blaze;
So breaks the day upon the shades of night,
Enlivening all with one unbounded light.

To humble man's proud heart thy great design,
But who can read this wondrous work divine,
So justly plann'd, and so politely writ?
And not be proud, and boast of human wit?

Yet just to thee, and to thy precepts true,
Let us know man, and give to God his due;
His image we, but mix'd with coarse alloy,
~~Our~~ happiness, to love, adore, obey;
To praise him for each gracious boon bestow'd,
For this thy work, for ev'ry lesser good,
With prostrate hearts before his throne to fall,
And own the great Creator all in all.

The muse, which should instruct, now entertains,
On trifling subjects in enervate strains;
Be it thy task to set the wand'rer right,
Point out her way in her aerial flight,
Her noble mien, her honours lost restore,
And bid her deeply think, and proudly soar.
Thy theme sublime, and easy verse will prove
Her high descent, and mission from above.

Let

Let others now translate, thy abler pen
 Shall vindicate the ways of God to men,
 In Virtue's cause shall gloriously prevail,
 When the bench frowns in vain, and pulpits fail.
 Made wise by thee, whose happy style conveys
 The purest morals in the softest lays,
 As angels once, so now we mortals bold
 Shall climb the ladder Jacob view'd of old;
 Thy kind reforming Muse shall lead the way,
 To the bright regions of eternal day.

DESIGN.

HAVING proposed to write some pieces on human life and manners, such as (to use my Lord Bacon's expression) *come home to mens business and bosoms*, I thought it more satisfactory to begin with considering *Man* in the abstract, his *nature* and his *state*; since, to prove any moral duty, to enforce any moral precept, or to examine the perfection or imperfection of any creature whatsoever, it is necessary first to know what *condition* and *relation* it is placed in, and what is the proper *end* and *purpose* of its *being*.

The science of human nature is, like all other sciences, reduced to a *few clear points*. There are not *many certain truths* in this world. It is therefore in the anatomy of the mind as in that of the body; more good will accrue to mankind by attending to the large open, and perceptible parts, than by studying too much finer nerves and vessels, the conformations and uses of which will for ever escape our observation. The *disputes* are all upon these last; and, I will venture to say, they have less sharpened the *wits* than the *hearts* of men against each other, and have diminished the practice, more than advanced the theory of morality. If I could flatter myself that this essay has any merit, it is in steering betwixt the extremes of doctrines seemingly opposite, in passing over terms utterly unintelligible, and in forming

ing

ing a *temperate* yet not *inconsistent*, and a *short* yet not *imperfect* system of ethics.

This I might have done in prose: but I chose verse, and even rhyme; for two reasons. The one will appear obvious; that principles, maxims, or precepts, so written, both strike the reader more strongly at first, and are more easily retained by him afterwards. The other may seem odd, but is true: I found I could express them more *shortly* this way than in prose itself; and nothing is more certain, than that much of the *force* as well as *grace* of arguments or instructions, depends on their *conciseness*. I was unable to treat this part of my subject more in *detail*, without becoming dry and tedious; or more *poetically*, without sacrificing perspicuity to ornament, without wandering from the precision, or breaking the chain of reasoning. If any man can unite all these without diminution of any of them, I freely confess he will compass a thing above my capacity.

What is now published, is only to be considered as a *general map of MAN*, marking out no more than the *greater parts*, their *extent*, their *limits*, and their *connection*; but leaving the particular to be more fully delineated in the charts which are to follow. Consequently these epistles, in their progress, (if I have health and leisure to make any progress), will be less dry, and more susceptible of poetical ornament. I am here only opening the *fountains*, and clearing the passage. To deduce the *rivers*, to follow them in their course, and to observe their effects, may be a task more agreeable.

AN

ARGUMENT

OF

EPISTLE I.

*Of the nature and state of Man with respect to the
UNIVERSE.*

Of Man in the abstract.—I. That we can judge only with regard to our own system, being ignorant of the relations of systems and things, ver. 17, &c. II. That Man is not to be deemed imperfect, but a being suited to his place and rank in the creation, agreeable to the general order of things, and conformable to ends and relations to him unknown, ver. 35. &c. III. That it is partly upon his ignorance of future events, and partly upon the hope of a future state, that all his happiness in the present depends, ver. 77. &c. IV. The pride of aiming at more knowledge, and pretending to more perfection, the cause of man's error and misery. The impiety of putting himself in the place of God, and judging of the fitness or unfitness, perfection or imperfection, justice or injustice of his dispensations, ver. 113. &c. V. The absurdity of conceiving himself the final cause of the creation, or expecting that perfection in the moral world, which is not in the natural, ver. 131. &c. VI. The unreasonableness of his complaints against Providence, while on the one hand he demands the perfections of the angels, and on the other the bodi-

ly qualifications of the brutes; though, to possess any of the sensitive faculties in a higher degree, would render him miserable, ver. 173, &c. VII. That throughout the whole visible world, an universal order and gradation in the sensual and mental faculties is observed, which causes a subordination of creature to creature, and of all creatures to Man. The gradations of sense, instinct, thought, reflection, reason; that Reason alone counterbalances all the other faculties, ver. 207. VIII. How much farther this order and subordination of living creatures may extend, above and below us; were any part of which broken, not that part only, but the whole connected creation, must be destroyed, ver. 233. IX. The extravagance, madness, and pride of such a desire, ver. 259. X. The consequence of all, the absolute submission due to Providence, both as to our present and future state, ver. 281. &c. to the end.

AN

ESSAY

MAN.

EPISTLE I.

AWAKE, my ST JOHN! leave all meaner things
To low ambition, and the pride of kings.

Let us (since life can little more supply
Than just to look about us, and to die)
Expatriate free o'er all this scene of Man;
A mighty maze! but not without a plan;
A wild, where weeds and flow'rs promiscuous shoot;
Or garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.
Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert yield;
The latent tracts, the giddy heights, explore,
Of all who blindly creep, or flightless soar;
Eye Nature's walks, shoot Folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise;
Laugh where we must, be candid where we can;
But vindicate the ways of God to Man.

I. Say first, of God above, or Man below,
What can we reason, but from what we know?

Of man, what see we but his station here,
 From which to reason, or to which refer? 20
 Thro' worlds unnumber'd tho' the God be known,
 'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.
 He who through vast immensity can pierce,
 See worlds on worlds compose one universe,
 Observe how system into system runs, 25
 What other planets circle other suns,
 What vary'd being peoples ev'ry star,
 May tell why Heav'n has made us as we are.
 But of this frame, the bearings, and the ties,
 The strong connections, nice dependencies, 30
 Gradations just, has thy pervading soul
 Look'd through? or can a part contain the whole?

Is the great chain that draws all to agree,
 And drawn supports, upheld by God, or thee?

II. Presumptuous Man! the reason wouldst thou find,
 Why form'd so weak, so little, and so blind? 36
 First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess,
 Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less?
 Ask of thy mother Earth, why oaks are made
 Taller or stronger than the weeds they shade? 40
 Or ask of yonder argent fields above,
 Why Jove's satellites are less than Jove?

Of systems possible, if 'tis confess'd,
 That wisdom infinite must form the best,
 Where all must full or not coherent be, 45
 And all that rises, rise in due degree;
 Then, in the scale of reas'ning life, 'tis plain,
 There must be, somewhere, such a rank as Man:

And

And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)
Is only this, if God has plac'd him wrong?

Respecting Man, what ever wrong we call,
May, must be right, as relative to all.
In human works, though labour'd on with pain,
A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain:
In God's, one single can its end produce;
Yet serves to second too some other use.

So Man, who here seems principal alone,
Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,
Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal;
'Tis but a part we see and not a whole.

When the proud steed shall know why Man restrains
His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains;
When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,
Is now a victim, and now Egypt's god:
Then shall Man's pride and dulness comprehend
His actions, passions, beings' use and end;
Why doing, suff'ring, check'd, impell'd; and why
This hour a slave, the next a deity.

B 3

Then

VARIATIONS.

In the former editions, ver. 64.

Now wears a garland, an Egyptian god.

After ver. 68, the following lines in the first edition.

If to be perfect in a certain sphere,
What matters soon or late, or here or there?
The blest'd to day is as completely so,
As who began ten thousand years ago.

Then say not Man's imperfect, Heav'n in fault ;
 Say rather, Man's as perfect as he ought : 70
 His knowledge measur'd to his state and place ;
 His time a moment, and a point his space.
 If to be perfect in a certain sphere,
 What matter, soon or late, or here or there ?
 The bless'd to-day is as completely so, 75
 As who began a thousand years ago.

III. Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of Fate,
 All but the page prescrib'd, their present state :
 From brutes what men, from men what spirits know :
 Or who could suffer being here below ? 80
 The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
 Had he thy reason, would he skip and play ?
 Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flow'ry food,
 And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.
 Oh blindness to the future ! kindly giv'n, 85
 That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heav'n :
 Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
 A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
 Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
 And now a bubble burst, and now a world. 90

Hope humbly then ; with trembling pinions soar ;
 Wait the great teacher Death ; and God adore.

What:

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 88, in the MS.

No great, no little ; 'tis as much decreed,
 That Virgil's goat should die as Cæsar bleed.

What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.

Hope springs eternal in the human breast: 99

Man never is, but always to be blest;

The soul uneasy, and confin'd, from home,

Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutor'd mind 101

Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind; 106

His soul, proud Science never taught to stray

Far as the solar walk, or milky way;

Yet simple Nature to his hope has giv'n,

Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heav'n;

Some safer world in depth of woods embrac'd, 105

Some happier island in the wat'ry waste,

Where slaves once more their native land behold,

No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.

To be, contents his natural desire,

He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire; 110

But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,

His faithful dog shall bear him company.

IV. Go,

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 93. in the first folio and quarto,

What bliss *above*, he gives not thee to know,

But gives that hope to be thy bliss *below*.

After ver. 108. in the first edition.

But does he say the Maker is not good,

Till he's exalted to what state he wou'd:

Himself alone high Heav'n's peculiar care,

Alone made happy when he will, and where?

IV. Go, wiser thou! and, in thy scale of sense,
 Weigh thy opinion against Providence;
 Call imperfection what thou fancy'st such,
 Say, here he gives too little, there too much:
 Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gulf,
 Yet cry, if man's unhappy, God's unjust;
 If man alone bigeons not Heav'n's high care,
 Alone made perfect here, immortal there:
 Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
 Rejudge his justice, be the God of God.
 In pride, reas'ning pride, our error lies;
 All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
 Pride still is aiming at the blest'd abodes,
 Men would be angels, angels would be gods.
 Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,
 Aspiring to be angels men rebel:
 And who but wishes to invert the laws
 Of ORDER, sins against th' eternal Cause.

V. Ask for what end the heav'nly bodies shine,
 Earth for whose use? Pride answers, " 'Tis for mine:
 For me kind Nature wakes her genial pow'r,
 Suckles each herb, and spreads out ev'ry flow'r;
 Annual for me, the grape, the rose renew
 The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew;
 For me the mine a thousand treasures brings;
 For me health gushes from a thousand springs;
 Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise;
 My footstool earth, my canopy the skies."

But errs not Nature from this gracious end,
 From burning suns when livid death descend,
 When

When earthquakes swallow, or when tempests sweep
Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep?
“No,” ’tis reply’d, “the first almighty Cause” 145
Acts not by partial, but by gen’ral laws;
Th’ exceptions few; some change since all began:
And what created perfect?”—Why then man
If the great end be human happiness,
Then Nature deviates; and can man do less? 150
As much that end a constant course requires
Of show’rs and sunshine, as of man’s desires;
As much eternal springs, and cloudless skies,
As men for ever temp’rate, calm, and wise.
If plagues or earthquakes break not Heav’n’s design,
Why then a Borgia, or a Catiline? 156
Who knows but he, whose hand the lightning forms,
Who heaves old Ocean, and who wings the storms;
Pours fierce ambition in a Cæsar’s mind, 159
Or turns young Ammon loose to scourge mankind?
From pride, from pride our very reas’ning springs;
Account for moral, as for nat’ral things:
Why charge we Heav’n in those, in these acquit?
In both, to reason right is to submit.

Better for us, perhaps, it might appear, 163
Were there all harmony, all virtue here;
That never air or ocean felt the wind;
That never passion discompos’d the mind.
But ALL subsists by elemental strife;
And passions are the elements of life. 170
The gen’ral ORDER, since the whole began,
Is kept in Nature, and is kept in Man.

VI. What

VI. What would this Man? Now upward will he soar,
 And little less than angel, would be more;
 Now looking downwards, just as griev'd appears
 To want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears.
 Made for his use all creatures if he call,
 Say what their use, had he the pow'rs of all?
 Nature to these, without profusion, kind,
 The proper organs, proper pow'rs assign'd;
 Each seeming want compensated of course,
 Here with degrees of swiftness, there of force;
 All in exact proportion to their state;
 Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.
 Each beast, each insect, happy in its own,
 Is Heav'n unkind to Man, and Man alone?
 Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
 Be pleas'd with nothing, if not blest with all?
 The bliss of man (could Pride that blessing find)
 Is, not to act or think beyond mankind;
 Not pow'rs of body or of soul to share,
 But what his nature and his state can bear.
 Why has not Man a microscopic eye?
 For this plain reason, Man is not a fly.
 Say what the use, were finer optics giv'n,
 T' inspect a mite, not comprehend the heav'n?
 Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
 To smart and agonize at ev'ry pore?
 Or quick effluvia darting through the brain,
 Dis of a rose in aromatic pain?
 If Nature thunder'd in his op'ning ears,
 And stunn'd him with the music of the spheres,

How would he wish that Heav'n had left him still?
 The whisp'ring zephyr, and the purling rill
 Who finds not Providence all good and wise,
 Alike in what it gives, and what it denies?

VII. Far as creation's ample range extends,
 The scale of sensual, mental pow'rs, ascends:
 Mark how it mounts, to Man's imperial race,
 From the green myriads in the peopled grass:
 What modes of fight betwixt each wind extreme,
 The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam;
 Of smell, the headlong lioness between,
 And hound sagacious on the tainted green;
 Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,
 To that which warbles through the vernal wood,
 The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine
 Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:
 In the nice bee, what sense so subtly true,
 From pois'nous herbs extracts the healing dew?
 How Instinct varies in the growling swine,
 Compard', half-reas'ning elephant, with thine!
 'Twixt that, and Reason, what a nice barrier
 For ever sep'rate, yet for ever near!
 Remembrance and Reflection how ally'd,
 What thin partitions Sense from Thought divide?
 And middle natures, how they long to join,
 Yet never pass th' insuperable line!
 Without this just gradation, could they be
 Subjected, these to those, or all to thee?
 The pow'rs of all subdu'd by thee alone,
 Is not thy Reason all other pow'rs in one?

VIII. See,

VIII. See, thro' this air, this ocean, and this earth,
 All matter quick, and bursting into birth.
 Above, how high, progressive life may go!
 Around, how wide! how deep extend below!
 Vast chain of being! which from God began,
 Nature's æthereal, human, angel, man,
 Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
 No glass can reach; from infinite to thee,
 From thee to nothing.—On superior pow'rs
 Were we to press, inferior might on ours:
 Or in the full creation leave a void,
 Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroy'd:
 From Nature's chain whatever link you strike,
 Tenth, or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.

And if each system in gradation roll
 Alike essential to th' amazing whole,
 The least confusion but in one, not all,
 That system only, but the whole must fall.
 Let earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
 Planets and suns run lawless through the sky;
 Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurl'd,
 Being on being wreck'd, and world on world;
 Heav'n's whole foundations to their centre nod,
 And nature tremble, to the throne of God!
 All this dread ORDER break—for whom? for thee?
 Vile worm!—oh madness! pride! impiety!

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 238. edition 1.

Æthereal essence, spirit, substance, man.

IX. What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,
Or hand, to toil, aspir'd to be the head?
What if the head, the eye, or ear repin'd,
To serve mere engines to the ruling mind?
Just as absurd for any part to claim
To be another, in this gen'ral frame:
Just as absurd, to mourn the tasks or pains,
The great directing MIND of ALL ordains.

All are but parts of one stupenduous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;
That, chang'd through all, and yet in all the same;
Great in the earth, as in th' æthereal frame;
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glow's in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns:
To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

X. Cease then, nor ORDER *imperfection* name;
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.

C

Know

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 282. in the MS.

Reason, to think of God when she pretends,
Begins a censor, an adorer ends.

Know thy own point : this kind, this due degree
Of blindness, weakness, Heav'n bestows on thee.
Submit.—In this, or any other sphere,
Secure to be as blest'd as thou canst bear :
Safe in the hand of one disposing pow'r,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
All Nature is but art, unknown to thee ;
All chance, direction, which thou canst not see ; 290
All discord, harmony not understood ;
All partial evil, universal good :
And, spite of Pride, in erring Reason's spite,
One truth is clear, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.

ARGUMENT

ARGUMENT

OF

EPISTLE II.

*Of the nature and state of Man with respect to himself,
as an individual.*

- I. *The business of Man not to pry into God, but to study himself. His middle nature; his powers and frailties, ver. 1.—19. The limits of his capacity, ver. 19. &c. II. The two principles of Man, Self-love and Reason, both necessary, ver. 53. &c. Self-love the stronger, and why, ver. 67. &c. Their end the same, ver. 81. &c. III. The Passions, and their use, ver. 93.—130. The predominant Passion, and its force, ver. 133.—160. Its necessity in directing men to different purposes, ver. 161. &c. Its providential use, in fixing our principle, and ascertaining our virtue, ver. 175. IV. Virtue and Vice joined in our mixed nature; the limits near, yet the things separate and evident. What is the office of Reason, ver. 202.—216. V. How odious Vice in itself, and how we deceive ourselves into it, ver. 217. VI. That, however, the ends of Providence and general good are answered in our passions and imperfections, ver. 231. &c. How usefully these are distributed to all orders of men, ver. 241. &c. How useful they are to society, ver. 249. and to individuals, ver. 263. in every state, and every age of life, ver. 271. &c.*

ARGUMENT

EPISTOLIC

Of the nature and force of the epistolical style, as it is used in the present work.

I. The language of the present work is not only plain, but is such as to be understood by all. The author has endeavored to be as plain as possible, and to use such words as are most generally understood. He has also endeavored to be as concise as possible, and to avoid all unnecessary words and phrases. He has also endeavored to be as consistent as possible, and to use the same words for the same things throughout the work. He has also endeavored to be as accurate as possible, and to avoid all mistakes and errors. He has also endeavored to be as judicious as possible, and to avoid all partiality and prejudice. He has also endeavored to be as honest as possible, and to avoid all deception and fraud. He has also endeavored to be as useful as possible, and to avoid all frivolity and trifling. He has also endeavored to be as entertaining as possible, and to avoid all dullness and dryness. He has also endeavored to be as instructive as possible, and to avoid all confusion and obscurity. He has also endeavored to be as persuasive as possible, and to avoid all weakness and ineffectuality. He has also endeavored to be as convincing as possible, and to avoid all doubt and uncertainty. He has also endeavored to be as satisfactory as possible, and to avoid all dissatisfaction and complaint. He has also endeavored to be as agreeable as possible, and to avoid all harshness and severity. He has also endeavored to be as pleasant as possible, and to avoid all unpleasantness and disagreeableness. He has also endeavored to be as agreeable as possible, and to avoid all harshness and severity. He has also endeavored to be as pleasant as possible, and to avoid all unpleasantness and disagreeableness.

ESSAY

ON

MAN.

EPISTLE II.

I. **K**NOW then thyself, presume not God to scan;
The proper study of mankind is man.

Plac'd on this isthmus of a middle state,

A being darkly wise, and rudely great :

With too much knowledge for the Sceptic side, 3

With too much weakness for the Stoic's pride,

He hangs between ; in doubt to act, or rest ;

In doubt to deem himself a god, or beast ;

In doubt his mind or body to prefer ;

Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err ; 10

Alike in ignorance, his reason such,

Whether he thinks too little, or too much :

Chaos of thought and passion, all confus'd ;

Still by himself abus'd, or disabus'd ;

Created half to rise, and half to fall ; 15

Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all ;

C 3

Sole

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 2. edit. 1.

The only science of mankind is Man.

Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurl'd:
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world!

Go, wondrous creature! mount where Science guides,
Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides; 20
Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,
Correct old Time, and regulate the Sun;

Go,

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 18. in the MS.

For more perfection than this state can bear

In vain we sigh, Heav'n made us as we are.

As wisely sure a modest ape might aim

To be like man, whose faculties and frame

He sees, he feels, as you or I to be

An angel thing we neither know nor see.

Observe how near he edges on our race;

What human tricks! how risible of face!

It must be so—why else have I the sense

Of more than monkey charms and excellence?

Why else to walk on two so oft essay'd?

And why this ardent longing for a maid?

So pug might plead, and call his gods unkind

Till set on end, and marry'd to his mind.

Go, reas'ning thing! assume the Doctor's chair,

As Plato deep, as Seneca severe:

Fix moral fitness, and to God give rule,

Then drop into thyself, &c.

Ver. 21. edit. 4. and 5.

Show by what rules the wand'ring planets stray,

Correct old Time, and teach the Sun his way.

Go, soar, with Plato, to th' empyreal sphere,
To the first good, first perfect, and first fair;
Or tread the mazy round his foll'wers trod,
And quitting sense call imitating God;
As eastern priests in giddy circles run,
And turn their heads to imitate the sun;
Go, teach eternal Wisdom how to rule—
Then drop into thyself, and be a fool? 30.

Superior beings, when of late they saw
A mortal man unfold all Nature's law,
Admir'd such wisdom in an earthly shape,
And shew'd a Newton as we shew an ape,

Could he, whose rules the rapid comet bind,
Describe or fix one movement of his mind?
Who saw its fires here rise, and there descend,
Explain his own beginning, or his end?
Alas what wonder! Man's superior part
Uncheck'd may rise, and climb from art to art;
But when his own great work is but begun,
What Reason weaves, by Passion is undone.

Trace Science then, with Modesty thy guide;
First strip off all her equipage of pride;
Deduct what is but vanity, or dress,
Or Learning's luxury, or idleness;

VARIATIONS.

Ver 35. edit. 1.
Could he, who taught each planet where to roll,
Describe or fix one movement of the soul?
Who mark'd their points to rise or to descend,
Explain his own beginning or his end?

Or tricks to shew the stretch of human brain,
 Mere curious pleasure, or ingenious pain;
 Expunge the whole, or lop th' excrescent parts,
 Of all our vices have created arts;
 Then see how little the remaining sum,
 Which serv'd the past, and must the times to come!

II. Two principles in human nature reign;
 Self-love, to urge, and Reason, to restrain:
 Nor this a good; nor that a bad we call;
 Each works its end, to move, or govern all;
 And to their proper operation still
 Ascribe all good, to their improper ill.

Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul;
 Reason's comparing balance rules the whole.
 Man, but for that, no action could attend;
 And, but for this, were active to no end:
 Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar spot,
 To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot;
 Or, meteor-like, flame lawless through the void,
 Destroying others, by himself destroy'd.

Most strength the moving principle requires;
 Active its task, it prompts, impels, inspires.
 Sedate and quiet, the comparing lies,
 Form'd but to check, delib'rate, and advise.
 Self-love still stronger, as its objects nigh;
 Reason's at distance, and in prospect lie:
 That sees immediate good by present sense;
 Reason, the future and the consequence.
 Thicker than arguments, temptations throng;
 At best more watchful this, but that more strong.

The

The action of the stronger to suspend,
Reason still use, to reason still attend.
Attention, habit and experience gains;
Each strengthens Reason, and Self-love restrains.

Let subtle schoolmen teach these friends to fight,
More studious to divide, than to unite;
And Grace and Virtue, Sense and Reason split,
With all the rash dexterity of Wit.
Wits, just like fools, at war about a name,
Have full as oft no meaning, or the same.
Self-love and Reason to one end aspire,
Pain their aversion, pleasure their desire;
But greedy that, its object would devour,
This taste the honey, and not wound the flower:
Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,
Our greatest evil, or our greatest good.

III. Modes of Self-love the Passions we may call.
'Tis real good, or seeming, moves them all;
But since not ev'ry good we can divide,
And Reason bids us for our own provide;
Passions, though selfish, if their means be fair,
Lift under Reason, and deserve her care;
Those that imparted court a nobler aim,
Exalt their kind, and take some Virtue's name.

In

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 86. in the MS.

Of good and evil gods what frightened fools,
Of good and evil Reason puzzled schools,
Deceiv'd deceiving, taught—

In lazy apathy let Stoics boast
 Their virtue fix'd; 'tis fix'd as in a frost;
 Contracted all, retiring to the breast;
 But strength of mind is exercise, not rest:
 The rising tempest puts in act the soul, 105
 Parts it may ravage, but preserves the whole.
 On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
 Reason the card, but Passion is the gale:
 Nor God alone in the still calm we find,
 He mounts the storm, and walks upon the wind. 110
 Passions, like elements, though born to fight,
 Yet, mix'd and soften'd, in his work unite:
 These 'tis enough to temper and employ;
 But what composes man, can man destroy?
 Suffice that Reason keep to Nature's road, 115
 Subject, compound them, follow her and God.
 Love, hope, and joy, fair Pleasure's smiling train,
 Hate, fear, and grief, the family of Pain,
 These mix'd with art, and to due bounds confin'd,
 Make and maintain the balance of the mind: 120
 The lights and shades, whose well-accorded strife
 Gives all the strength and colour of our life.

Pleasures

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 108. in the MS.

A tedious voyage! where how useless lies

The compass, if no pow'rful gusts arise?

After ver. 112. in the MS.

The soft reward the virtuous, or invite;

The fierce, the vicious punish or affright.

Pleasures are ever in our hands or eyes;
And when, in act, they cease, in prospect rise:
Present to grasp, and future still to find,
The whole employ of body and of mind.
All spread their charms, but charms not all alike;
On diff'rent senses diff'rent objects strike;
Hence diff'rent passions more or less inflame,
As strong or weak, the organs of the frame;
And hence one MASTER PASSION in the breast,
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.

As man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
Receives the lurking principle of death;
The young disease, that must subdue at length,
Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength:
So, cast and mingled with his very frame,
The mind's disease, its RULING PASSION came;
Each vital humour which should feed the whole,
Soon flows to this, in body and in soul:

Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,
As the mind opens, and its functions spread,
Imagination plies her dang'rous art,
And pours it all upon the peccant part.

Nature is mother, Habit is its nurse;
Wit, spirit, faculties, but make it worse;
Reason itself but gives it edge and pow'r;
As Heav'n's blest'd beam turns vinegar more sour.

We, wretched subjects though to lawful sway,
In this weak queen, some fav'rite still obey.
Ah! if she lend not arms, as well as rules,
What can she more than tell us we are fools?

Teach

Teach us to mourn our nature, not to mend,
 A sharp accuser, but a helpless friend!
 Or from a judge turn pleader, to persuade
 The choice we make, or justify it made;
 Proud of an easy conquest all along,
 She but removes weak passions for the strong:
 So, when small humours gather to a gout,
 The doctor fancies he has driv'n them out. 160

Yes, Nature's rod must ever be preferr'd;
 Reason is here no guide, but still a guard;
 'Tis hers to rectify, not overthrow,
 And treat this passion more as friend than foe.
 A mightier pow'r the strong direction sends,
 And sev'ral men impels to sev'ral ends:
 Like varying winds, by other passions tost,
 This drives them constant to a certain coast.
 Let pow'r or knowledge, gold or glory, please,
 Or (oft more strong than all) the love of ease; 170
 Through life 'tis follow'd, ev'n at life's expence;
 The merchant's toil, the sage's indolence,
 The monk's humility, the hero's pride,
 All, all alike, find Reason on their side.
 Th' eternal art educing good from ill, 175
 Grafts on this passion our best principle:
 'Tis thus the mercury of Man is fix'd,
 Strong grows the virtue with his nature mix'd;
 The dross cements what else were too refin'd,
 And in one int'rest body acts with mind. 180

As fruits, ungrateful to the planter's care,
 On savage stocks inserted, learn to bear;

The surest virtues thus from passions shoot,
Wild Nature's vigour working at the root.
What crops of wit and honesty appear 185
From spleen, from obstinacy, hate, or fear!
See anger, zeal and fortitude supply;
Ev'n av'rice, prudence; sloth, philosophy;
Lust, through some certain strainers well refin'd,
Is gentle love, and charms all womankind; 190
Envy, to which th' ignoble mind's a slave,
Is emulation in the learn'd or brave;
Nor virtue, male or female, can we name
But what will grow on Pride, or grow on shame.

D

IV. Thus

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 194. in the MS.

How oft, with passion, Virtue points her charms!
Then shines the hero, then the patriot warms.
Peleus' great son, or Brutus, who had known,
Had Lucrece been a whore, or Helen none?
But virtues opposite to make agree,
That, Reason! is thy task; and worthy thee.
Hard task, cries Bibulus, and Reason weak.
—Make it a point, dear Marquis! or a pique.
Once, for a whim, persuade yourself to pay
A debt to Reason, like a debt at play.
For right or wrong have mortals suffer'd more?
B— for his prince, or * * for his whore?
Whose self-denials Nature most control?
His, who would save a sixpence or his soul?
Web for his health, a Chartreux for his sin,
Contend they not which soonest shall grow thin?

IV. Thus nature gives us (let it check our pride)

The virtue nearest to our vice ally'd : 196

Reason the bias turns to good from ill,

And Nero reigns a Titus, if he will.

The fiery soul abhorr'd in Catiline,

In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine : 200

The same ambition can destroy or save,

And makes a patriot, as it makes a knave.

This light and darkness in our Chaos join'd,

What shall divide ? The god within the mind.

Extremes in nature equal ends produce, 203

In man they join to some mysterious use ;

Though each by turns the other's bound invade,

As, in some well-wrought picture, light and shade,

And oft so mix, the difference is too nice,

Where ends the virtue, or begins the vice. 210

Fools ! who from hence into the notion fall,

That vice or virtue there is none at all.

If white and black blend, soften, and unite

A thousand ways, is there no black or white ?

Ask your own heart, and nothing is so plain ; 213

'Tis to mistake them, costs the time and pain.

V. Vice is a monster of so frightful mein,

As, to be hated, needs but to be seen ;

Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,

We first endure, then pity, then embrace. 220

But

VARIATIONS.

What we resolve, we can : but here's the fault,

We ne'er resolve to do the thing we ought.

But where th' extreme of vice, was ne'er agreed :
 Ask where's the North ? at York, 'tis on the Tweed ;
 In Scotland, at the Orcades ; and there,
 At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.
 No creature owns it in the first degree,
 But thinks his neighbour farther gone than he ;
 Ev'n those who dwell beneath its very zone,
 Or never feel the rage, or never own ;
 What happier natures shrink at with affright,
 The hard inhabitant contends is right.

VI. Virtuous and vicious ev'ry man must be,
 Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree ;
 The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wise ;
 And ev'n the best, by fits, what they despise.
 'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill ;
 For, Vice or Virtue, Self directs it still ;
 Each individual seeks a sev'ral goal ;
 But HEAV'n's great view is one, and that the whole.

D 2. That

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 220. in the first edition, followed these.

A cheat ! a whore ! who starts not at the name,
 In all the inns of court or Drury-lane ?

After ver. 226. in the MS.

The col'nel swears the agent is a dog,
 The scriv'ner vows th' attorney is a rogue.
 Against the thief th' attorney loud enveighs,
 For whose ten pound the county twenty pays.
 The thief damns judges, and the knaves of state ;
 And dying, mourns small villains hang'd by great.

That counter-works each folly and caprice ;
That disappoints th' effect of ev'ry vice ;
That, happy frailties to all ranks apply'd,
Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride,
Fear to the statesman, rashness to the chief,
To kings presumption, and to crouds belief ;
That, Virtue's ends from vanity can raise,
Which seeks no int'rest, no reward but praise ;
And build on wants, and on defects of mind,
The joy, the peace, the glory of mankind.

Heav'n forming each on other to depend,
A master, or a servant, or a friend,
Bids each on other for assistance call,
Till one man's weakness grows the strength of all.
Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally
The common in'trest, or endear the tie.
To these we owe true friendship, love sincere,
Each home-felt joy that life inherits here.
Yet from the same we learn, in its decline,
Those joys, those loves, those int'rests to resign ;
Taught half by Reason, half by mere decay,
To welcome death, and calmly pass away.

Whate'er the passion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,
Not one will change his neighbour with himself.
The learn'd is happy Nature to explore,
The fool is happy that he knows no more ;
The rich is happy in the plenty giv'n,
The poor contents him with the care of Heav'n.
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,
The sot a hero, lunatic a king ;

The

The starving chemist in his golden views
Supremely blest'd, the poet in his muse. 279

See some strange comfort ev'ry state attend,
And pride bestow'd on all, a common friend :
See some fit passion ev'ry age supply,
Hope travels through, nor quits us when we die.

Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law, 275
Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a straw :
Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite :
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
And beads and pray'r-books are the toys of age : 280
Pleas'd with this bauble still, as that before ;
Till tir'd he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.
Mean while opinion gilds with varying rays
Those painted clouds that beautify our days ;
Each want of happiness by Hope supply'd, 285
And each vacuity of sense by Pride :
These build as fast as knowledge can destroy ;
In Folly's cup still laughs the bubble, Joy ;
One prospect lost, another still we gain ;
And not a vanity is giv'n in vain ; 290
Ev'n mean Self-love becomes, by force divine,
The scale to measure others' wants by thine.
See ! and confess, one comfort still must rise ;
'Tis this, Though Man's a fool, yet GOD IS WISE.

ARGUMENT

The first of these was the...
The second was the...
The third was the...
The fourth was the...
The fifth was the...
The sixth was the...
The seventh was the...
The eighth was the...
The ninth was the...
The tenth was the...
The eleventh was the...
The twelfth was the...
The thirteenth was the...
The fourteenth was the...
The fifteenth was the...
The sixteenth was the...
The seventeenth was the...
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The thirtieth was the...
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The thirty-sixth was the...
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The thirty-eighth was the...
The thirty-ninth was the...
The fortieth was the...
The forty-first was the...
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The forty-eighth was the...
The forty-ninth was the...
The fiftieth was the...
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The fifty-sixth was the...
The fifty-seventh was the...
The fifty-eighth was the...
The fifty-ninth was the...
The sixtieth was the...
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The sixty-eighth was the...
The sixty-ninth was the...
The seventieth was the...
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The seventy-fifth was the...
The seventy-sixth was the...
The seventy-seventh was the...
The seventy-eighth was the...
The seventy-ninth was the...
The eightieth was the...
The eighty-first was the...
The eighty-second was the...
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The eighty-sixth was the...
The eighty-seventh was the...
The eighty-eighth was the...
The eighty-ninth was the...
The ninetieth was the...
The ninety-first was the...
The ninety-second was the...
The ninety-third was the...
The ninety-fourth was the...
The ninety-fifth was the...
The ninety-sixth was the...
The ninety-seventh was the...
The ninety-eighth was the...
The ninety-ninth was the...
The hundredth was the...

ARGUMENT

OF

EPISTLE III.

Of the nature and state of Man with respect to Society.

The whole universe one system of society, ver. 7. &c.

Nothing made wholly for itself, nor yet wholly for another, ver. 27. The happiness of animals mutual,

ver. 49. II. Reason or Instinct operate alike to the good of each individual, ver. 79. Reason or Instinct operate also to society, in all animals, ver. 109. III.

How far society carried by Instinct, ver. 115. how much farther by Reason, ver. 131. IV. Of that which is called the State of Nature, ver. 147. Reason instructed by Instinct in the invention of Arts, ver.

169. and in the forms of society, ver. 179. V. Origin of political societies, ver. 199. Origin of monarchy, ver. 209. Patriarchal government, ver. 215.

VI. Origin of true religion and government, from the same principle, of Love, ver. 225. &c. Origin of superstitition and tyranny, from the same principle, of Fear, ver. 241. &c. The influence of Self-love operating to the social and public good, ver. 269. Restoration of true religion and government on their first principle, ver. 283. Mixed government, ver. 289. Various forms of each, and the true end of all, ver. 303. &c.

T M T M U G R A

THE

The subject of the present volume is the history of the United States, from the first settlement of the continent to the present time. It is a history of the growth and development of the nation, and of the principles and institutions which have shaped its character. The volume is divided into three parts: the first part deals with the early history of the United States, from the first settlement to the Revolution; the second part deals with the history of the United States from the Revolution to the present time; and the third part deals with the principles and institutions of the United States. The volume is written in a clear and concise style, and is suitable for use in schools and colleges.

AN
E S S A Y

ON

M A N.

EPISTLE III.

HERE then we rest : " The universal Cause
Acts to one end, but acts by various laws."

In all the madness of superfluous health,
The trim of pride, the impudence of wealth,
Let this great truth be present night and day;
But most be present, if we preach or pray.

Look round our world; behold the chain of Love;
Combining all below and all above.
See plastic Nature working to this end,
The single atoms each to other tend,
Attract, attracted to, the next in place
Form'd and impell'd its neighbour to embrace.
See Matter next, with various life endu'd,
Press to one center still, the gen'ral good.
See dying vegetables life sustain,
See life dissolving vegetate again :

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 1. in several editions in 4to.

Learn, Dulness, learn! " The universal Cause, &c."

All forms that perish other forms supply,
 (By turns we catch the vital breath, and die),
 Like bubbles on the sea of matter-born,
 They rise, they break, and to that sea return. 20
 Nothing is foreign ; parts relate to whole ;
 One all-extending, all-preserving soul
 Connects each being, greatest with the least ;
 Made beast in aid of man, and man of beast ;
 All serv'd, all serving : nothing stands alone ; 25
 The chain holds on, and where it ends, unknown.

Has God, thou fool ! work'd solely for thy good,
 Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food ?
 Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
 For him as kindly spread the flow'ry lawn. 30
 Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings ?
 Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
 Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat ?
 Loves of his own and raptures swell the note.
 The bounding steed you pompously bestride, 35
 Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.
 Is thine alone the feed that strews the plain ?
 The birds of heav'n shall vindicate their grain.
 Thine the full harvest of the golden year ?
 Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer : 40
 The hog, that ploughs not nor obeys thy call,
 Lives on the labours of this lord of all.

Know, Nature's children all divide her care ;
 The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear.
 While Man exclaims, " See all things for my use ! " 45
 " See man for mine ! " replies a pamper'd goose.

And

And just as short of reason he must fall,
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

Grant that the pow'rful still the weak control;
Be Man the wit and tyrant of the whole : 50
Nature that tyrant checks ; he only knows,
And helps another creature's wants and woes
Say, will the falcon, stooping from above,
Smit with her varying plumage, spare the dove ?
Admires the jay the insect's gilded wings ? 53
Or hears the haw when Philomela sings ?
Man cares for all : to birds he gives his woods,
To beasts his pastures, and to fish his floods ;
For some his int'rest prompts him to provide,
For more his pleasure, yet for more his pride : 60
All feed on one vain patron, and enjoy
Th' extensive blessing of his luxury.
That very life his learned hunger craves,
He saves from famine, from the savage saves ;
Nay, feasts the animal he dooms his feast, 63
And, till he ends the being, makes it blest ;
Which sees no more the stroke, or feels the pain,
Than favour'd Man by touch ethereal slain.
The creature had his feast of life before ;
Thou too must perish, when thy feast is o'er 70
To

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 46. in the former editions,
What care to tend, to lodge, to cram, to treat him !
All this he knew ; but not that 'twas to eat him
As far as goose could judge, he reason'd right ;
But as to Man, mistook the matter quite.

To each unthinking being, Heav'n a friend,
Gives not the useless knowledge of its end:
To Man imparts it; but with such a view,
As, while he dreads it, makes him hope it too:
The hour conceal'd, and so remote the fear,
Death still draws nearer, never seeming near.
Great standing miracle! that Heav'n assign'd
Its only thinking thing, this turn of mind.

II. Whether with Reason, or with Instinct blest,
Know, all enjoy that pow'r which suits them best; 80
To bliss alike by that direction tend,
And find the means proportion'd to their end.
Say, where full Instinct is th' unerring guide,
What pope or council can they need beside?
Reason, however able, cool at best, 83
Cares not for service, or but serves when prest;
Stays till we call, and then not often near.
But honest Instinct comes a volunteer;
Sure never to o'ershoot, but just to hit;
While still too wide or short is human wit; 90
Sure by quick Nature happiness to gain,
Which heavier Reason labours at in vain.
This too serves always, Reason never long;
One must go right, the other may go wrong.

See

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 84: in the MS.
While Man, with opening views of various ways,
Confounded, by the aid of knowledge strays:
Too weak to chuse, yet chusing still in haste,
One moment gives the pleasure and distaste.

See then the acting and comparing pow'rs,
One in their nature, which are two in ours;
And Reason raise o'er Instinct as you can,
In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis Man.

Who taught the nations of the field and wood,
To shun their poison, and to chuse their food?
Prescient, the tides or tempests to withstand,
Build on the wave, or arch beneath the sand?
Who made the spider parallels design,
Sure as Demoivre *, without rule or line?
Who bid the stork, Columbus-like, explore
Heav'ns not his own, and worlds unknown before?
Who calls the council, states the certain day,
Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?
God, in the nature of each being, sounds
Its proper bliss, and sets its proper bounds:
But as he fram'd a whole, the whole to bless,
On mutual wants built mutual happiness,
So from the first, eternal ORDER ran,
And creature link'd to creature, man to man.

III. Whate'er of life all-quick'ning æther keeps,
Or breathes through air, or shoots beneath the deeps,
Or pours profuse on earth, one nature feeds
The vital flame, and swells the genial seeds.
Not man alone, but all that roam the wood,
Or wing the sky, or roll along the flood,
Each loves itself; but not itself alone,
Each sex desires alike, till two are one.

E. Nor

* An eminent mathematician,

Nor ends the pleasure with the fierce embrace;
 They love themselves, a third time, in their race.
 Thus beast and bird their common charge attend,
 The mothers nurse it, and the fires defend;
 The young dismiss'd to wander earth or air,
 There stops the instinct, and there ends the care;
 The link dissolves, each seeks a fresh embrace,
 Another love succeeds, another race. 130

A longer care Man's helpless kind demands;
 That longer care contracts more lasting bands:
 Reflection, Reason, still the ties improve,
 At once extend the int'rest and the love:
 With choice we fix, with sympathy we burn; 135
 Each virtue in each passion takes its turn;
 And still new needs, new helps, new habits rise,
 That graft benevolence on charities.
 Still as one brood, and as another rose,
 These nat'ral love maintain'd, habitual those: 140
 The last, scarce ripen'd into perfect man,
 Saw helpless him from whom their life began:
 Mem'ry and forecast just returns engage,
 That pointed back to youth, this on to age;
 While pleasure, gratitude, and hope combin'd, 145
 Still spread the int'rest, and preserv'd the kind

IV. Nor think in NATURE'S STATE they blindly trod;
 The state of Nature was the reign of God:
 Self love and social at her birth began,
 Union the bond of all things, and of Man. 150
 Pride then was not; nor arts, that Pride to aid;
 Man walk'd with beast, joint tenant of the shade;

The

The same his table, and the same his bed;
 No murder cloth'd him, and no murder fed.
 In the same temple, the resounding wood,
 All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God;
 The shrine with gore unstain'd, with gold undrest,
 Unbrib'd, unbloody, stood the blameless priest:
 Heav'n's attribute was universal care,
 And Man's prerogative to rule, but spare.
 Ah! how unlike the man of times to come
 Of half that live the butcher and the tomb;
 Who, foe to Nature, hears the gen'ral groan,
 Murders their species, and betrays his own.
 But just disease to luxury succeeds,
 And ev'ry death its own avenger breeds;
 The fury-passions from that blood began,
 And turn'd on Man a fiercer savage, Man.

See him from Nature rising slow to Art
 To copy Instinct then was Reason's part;
 Thus then to Man the voice of Nature spake—
 "Go, from the creatures thy instructions take:
 Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield;
 Learn from the beasts the phyfic of the field;
 Thy arts of building from the bee receive;
 Learn of the mole to plough, the worm to weave;
 Learn of the little nautilus to sail,
 Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.
 Here too all forms of social union find,
 And hence let Reason, late, instruct mankind:
 Here subterranean works and cities see;
 There towns aerial on the waving tree.

Learn each small people's genius, policies,
 The ant's republic, and the realm of bees;
 How those in common all their wealth bestow, 183
 And anarchy without confusion know;
 And these for ever, though a monarch reign,
 Their sep'rate cells and properties maintain.
 Mark what unvaried laws preserve each state,
 Laws wise as nature, and as fix'd as Fate. 190
 In vain thy Reason finer webs shall draw,
 Intangle Justice in her net of law,
 And right, too rigid, harden into wrong;
 Still for the strong too weak, the weak too strong.
 Yet go! and thus o'er all the creatures sway, 195
 Thus let the wiser make the rest obey;
 And for those arts mere instinct could afford,
 Be crown'd as monarchs, or as gods ador'd."

V. Great Nature spoke; observant Men obey'd;
 Cities were built, societies were made:
 Here rose one little state; another near
 Grew by like means, and join'd through love or fear.

Did

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 197. In the first editions,

Who for those arts they learn'd of brutes before,
 As kings shall crown them, or as gods adore.

Ver. 201. *Here rose one little state, &c.*] in the MS. thus.

The neighbours leagu'd to guard their common spot;
 And love was Nature's dictates, murder, not.
 For want alone each animal contends;
 Tygers with tygers, that remov'd, are friends.

Did here the trees with ruddier burdens bend,
 And there the streams in purer rills descend?
 What War could ravish, Commerce could bestow,
 And he return'd a friend, who came a foe.
 Converse and Love mankind might strongly draw,
 When Love was liberty, and Nature law.
 Thus states were form'd; the name of King unknown,
 Till common int'rest plac'd the sway in one.
 'Twas VIRTUE ONLY, (or in arts or arms,
 Diffusing blessings, or averting harms),
 The same which in a fire the sons obey'd,
 A prince the father of a people made.

Till then, by Nature crown'd, each patriarch sat,
 King, priest, and parent of his growing state;
 On him, their second providence, they hung,
 Their law his eye, their oracle his tongue.
 He from the wond'ring furrow call'd their food,
 Taught to command the fire, control the flood,
 Draw forth the monsters of th' abyfs profound,
 Or fetch th' aerial eagle to the ground.
 Till drooping, sick'ning, dying, they began
 Whom they rever'd as God to mourn as Man:

E 3

VI. Then,

VARIATIONS.

Plain Nature's wants the common mother crown'd,
 She pour'd her acorns, herbs, and streams around.
 No treasure then for rapine to invade,
 What need to fight for sunshine, or for shade?
 And half the cause of contest was remov'd,
 When beauty could be kind to all who lov'd.

VI. Then, looking up from fire to fire, explor'd
One great first Father, and that First ador'd.
Or plain tradition that this All begun,
Convey'd unbroken faith from fire to son;
The worker from the work distinct was known,
And simple Reason never sought but one:
Ere Wit oblique had broke that steady light,
Man, like his Maker, saw that all was right;
To Virtue in the paths of Pleasure trod,
And own'd a father when he own'd a God:
Love all the faith, and all th' allegiance then;
For Nature knew no right divine in men,
No ill could fear in God; and understood
A sov'reign being but a sov'reign good.
True faith, true policy, united ran,
That was but love of God, and this of Man.

Who first taught souls enslav'd, and realms undone,
Th' enormous faith of many made for one;
That proud exception to all Nature's laws,
T' invert the world, and counterwork its cause?
Force first made conquest, and that conquest, law;
Till superstition taught the tyrant awe,
Then shar'd the tyranny, then lent it aid,
And gods of conqu'rors, slaves of subjects made:
She 'midst the lightning's blaze, and thunder's found,
When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd the
ground,
She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray,
To Pow'r unseen, and mightier far than they:

She,

She, from the rending earth and bursting skies,
Saw gods descend, and fiends infernal rise :
Here fix'd the dreadful, there the blest'd abodes ; 255
Fear made her devils, and weak Hope her gods ;
Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,
Whose attributes were rage, revenge, or lust ;
Such as the souls of cowards might conceive,
And, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would believe. 260
Zeal then, not Charity, became the guide ;
And hell was built on spite, and heav'n on pride.
Then sacred seem'd th' æthereal vault no more ;
Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with gore :
Then first the flamen tasted living food : 265
Next his grim idol smear'd with human blood ;
With heav'n's own thunders shook the world below,
And play'd the god an engine on his foe.

So drives Self-love, thro' just and thro' unjust,
To one man's pow'r, ambition, lucre, lust : 270
The same Self-love, in all, becomes the cause
Of what restrains him, government and laws.
For what one likes, if others like as well,
What serves one will, when many-wills rebel ?
How shall he keep, what, sleeping or awake, 275
A weaker may surprise, a stronger take ?
His safety must his liberty restrain :
All join to guard what each desires to gain.
Forc'd into virtue thus by Self-defence,
Ev'n kings learn'd justice and benevolence : 280
Self-love forsook the path it first pursu'd,
And found the private in the public good.

'Twas

'Twas then, the studious head or gen'rous mind,
 Foll'wer of God or friend of human-kind,
 Poet (or patriot, rose but to restore 285
 The faith and moral, Nature gave before;
 Relum'd her ancient light, not kindled new;
 If not God's image, yet his shadow drew:
 Taught pow'r's due use to people and to kings,
 Taught nor to slack, nor strain its tender strings, 290
 The less, or greater, set so justly true,
 That touching one must strike the other too;
 Till jarring int'rests, of themselves, create
 Th' according music of a well-mix'd state.
 Such is the world's great harmony, that springs 295
 From order, union, full consent of things;
 Where small and great, where weak and mighty, made
 To serve, not suffer, strengthen, not invade;
 More pow'rful each as needful to the rest,
 And, in proportion as it blesses, blest; 300
 Draw to one point, and to one centre bring
 Beast, man, or angel, servant, lord, or king.

For forms of government let fools contest;
 Whate'er is best administer'd is best:
 For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight; 305
 His can't be wrong whose life is in the right:
 In faith and hope the world will disagree,
 But all mankind's concern is charity:
 All must be false that thwart this one great end;
 And all of God, that bless mankind or mend. 310

Man, like the gen'rous vine, supported lives;
 The strength he gains is from th' embrace he gives.

On.

On their own axis as the planets run,
Yet make at once their circle round the sun;
So two consistent motions act the soul;
And one regards itself, and one the whole.
Thus God and Nature link'd the gen'ral frame,
And bade Self love and Social be the same.

ARGUMENT

OF

EPISTLE IV.

*Of the nature and state of Man with respect to
Happiness.*

I. *False notions of Happiness, philosophical and popular, answered, from ver. 19. to 77.* II. *It is the end of all men, and attainable by all, ver. 30. God intends Happiness to be equal; and to be so, it must be social, since all particular Happiness depends on general, and since he governs by general, not particular laws, ver. 35. As it is necessary for Order, and the peace and welfare of Society, that external goods should be unequal. Happiness is not made to consist in these, ver. 49. But, notwithstanding that inequality, the balance of Happiness among mankind is kept even by Providence,*

Providence, by the two passions of Hope and Fear, ver. 67. III. What the Happiness of Individuals is, as far as is consistent with the constitution of this world; and that the good Man has here the advantage, ver. 77. The error of imputing to Virtue what are only the calamities of Nature, or of Fortune, ver. 93. IV. The folly of expecting that God should alter his general laws in favour of particulars, ver. 123. V. That we are not judges who are good; but that, whoever they are, they must be happiest, ver. 131. &c. VI. That external goods are not the proper rewards, but often inconsistent with, or destructive of Virtue, ver. 167. That even these can make no man happy without Virtue: Instanced in Riches, ver. 185. Honours, ver. 193. Nobility, ver. 205. Greatness, ver. 217. Fame, ver. 237. Superior Talents, ver. 259. &c. With pictures of human infelicity in men possessed of them all, ver. 269. &c. VII. That Virtue only constitutes a Happiness, whose object is universal, and whose prospect eternal, ver. 309. &c. That the perfection of Virtue and Happiness consists in a conformity to the ORDER of PROVIDENCE here, and a Resignation to it here and hereafter, ver. 327. &c.

ESSAY

MAN.

EPISTLE IV.

OH HAPPINESS! our being's end and aim!
 Good, Pleasure, Ease, Content! whate'er thy
 name:
 That something still which prompts th' eternal sigh,
 For which we bear to live, or dare to die;
 Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies,
 O'erlook'd, seen double, by the fool and wise:
 Plant of celestial seed! if dropt below,
 Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow?
 Fair op'ning to some court's propitious shine,
 Or deep with di'monds in the flaming mine?
 Twin'd

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 1. *Oh happiness! &c.* in the MS. thus.
 Oh Happiness! to which we all aspire,
 Wing'd with strong hope, and borne by full desire,
 That ease, for which in want, in wealth we sigh;
 That ease, for which we labour and we die.

Twin'd with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,
 Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field?
 Where grows?—where grows it not? If vain our toil,
 We ought to blame the culture, not the soil.
 Fix'd to no spot is Happiness sincere, 15
 'Tis no where to be found, or ev'ry where:
 'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
 And fled from monarchs, ST JOHN! dwells with thee.

I. Ask of the learn'd the way? the learn'd are blind;
 This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind: 20
 Some place the bliss in action, some in ease,
 Those call it Pleasure, and Contentment these;
 Some sunk to beasts, find pleasure end in pain;
 Some swell'd to gods, confess ev'n virtue vain;
 Or indolent, to each extreme they fall, 25
 To trust in ev'ry thing, or doubt of all.

Who thus define it, say they more or less
 Than this, that Happiness is Happiness?

II. Take Nature's path, and mad Opinion's leave;
 All states can reach it, and all heads conceive; 30
 Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell;
 There needs but thinking right, and meaning well;
 And mourn our various portions as we please,
 Equal is Common Sense, and Common Ease.

Remember, man, "the universal Cause 35
 Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;"
 And makes what Happiness we justly call,
 Sublist, not in the good of one, but all.
 There's not a blessing individuals find,
 But someway leans and hearkens to the kind. 40

No bandit fierce, no tyrant mad with pride,
No cavern'd hermit, rests self-satisfy'd;
Who most to shun or hate mankind pretend,
Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend;
Abstract what others feel, what others think,
All pleasures sicken, and all glories sink:
Each has his share; and who would more obtain,
Shall find the pleasure pays not half the pain.

ORDER is Heav'n's first law; and this confess,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest,
More rich, more wise; but who infers from hence
That such are happier, shocks all common sense.
Heav'n to mankind impartial we confess,
If all are equal in their happiness:
But mutual wants this happiness increase;
All Nature's difference keeps all Nature's peace.
Condition, circumstance is not the thing;
Bliss is the same in subject or in king;
In who obtain defence, or who defend,
In him who is, or him who finds a friend:
Heav'n breathes through ev'ry member of the whole,
One common blessing, as one common soul.
But Fortune's gifts if each alike possess,
And each were equal, must not all contest?

F

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 32. in the MS.

Say not, "Heav'n's here profuse, there poorly lav'd,
And for one monarch makes a thousand slaves."
You'll find, when causes and their ends are known,
'Twas for the thousand Heav'n has made that one.

If then to all men Happiness was meant,
God in externals could not place content.

Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,
And these be happy call'd, unhappy those;
But Heav'n's just balance equal will appear,
While those are plac'd in hope, and these in fear:
Not present good or ill, the joy or curse,
But future views of better, or of worse.

Oh sons of earth! attempt ye still to rise,
By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the skies?
Heav'n still with laughter the vain toil surveys,
And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.

III. Know, all the good that individuals find,
Or God and Nature meant to mere mankind.
Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of Sense,
Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and Competence.
But Health consists with Temperance alone;
And Peace! oh Virtue! Peace is all thy own.
The good or bad the gifts of Fortune gain;
But these less taste them, as they worse obtain.
Say, in pursuit of profit or delight,
Who risk the most, that take wrong means or right?

Of

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 66. in the MS.

'Tis peace of mind alone is at a stay:

The rest mad Fortune gives, or takes away.

All other blifs by accident's debarr'd:

But Virtue's, in the instant, a reward;

In hardest trials operates the best,

And more is relish'd as the more distress.

Of Vice or Virtue, whether blest or curst,
Which meets contempt, or which compassion first?
Count all th' advantage prosp'rous Vice attains,
'Tis but what Virtue flies from and disdains:
And grant the bad what happiness they wou'd,
One they must want, which is, to pass for good.

Oh blind to truth, and God's whole scheme below,
Who fancy bliss to Vice, to Virtue woe!
Who sees and follows that great scheme the best,
Best knows the blessing, and will most be blest,
But fools the good alone unhappy call,
For ills or accidents that chance to all.
See Falkland dies, the virtuous and the just!
See god-like TURENNE prostrate on the dust!
See SIDNEY bleeds amid the martial strife!
Was this their virtue, or contempt of life?
Say, was it Virtue, more though heav'n ne'er gave,
Lamented DIGNY! sunk thee to the grave?
Tell me, if Virtue made the son expire,
Why, full of days and honour, lives the fire?
Why drew Marseilles' good bishop purer breath,
When Nature sicken'd, and each gale was death!
Or why so long (in life if long can be)
Lent Heav'n a parent to the poor and me?
What makes all physical or moral ill?
There deviates Nature, and here wanders Will.

F 2

God

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 92. in the MS.

Let sober moralists correct their speech,
No bad man's happy: he is great, or rich.

God sends not ill; if rightly understood,
 Or partial ill is universal good,
 Or change admits, or Nature lets it fall;
 Short, and but rare, till Man improv'd it all.
 We just as wisely might of Heav'n complain,
 That righteous Abel was destroy'd by Cain,
 As that the virtuous son is ill at ease,
 When his lewd father gave the dire disease.
 Think we, like some weak prince, th' eternal Cause,
 Prone for his fav'rites to reverse his laws?

IV. Shall burning *Ætna*, if a sage require,
 Forget to thunder, and recal her fires?
 On air or sea new motions be impress'd,
 Oh blameless *BURN*! to relieve thy breast?
 When the loose mountain trembles from on high,
 Shall gravitation cease, if you go by?
 Or some old temple, nodding to its fall,
 For Chartres' head reserve the hanging wall?

V. But still this world (so fitted for the knave)
 Contents us not. A better shall we have!
 A kingdom of the just then let it be:
 But first consider how those just agree.
 The good must merit God's peculiar care;
 But who, but God, can tell us who they are?
 One thinks on Calvin Heav'n's own spirit fell;
 Another deems him instrument of hell;

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 16. in the MS.
 Of ev'ry evil, since the world began,
 The real source is not in God, but Man,

If Calvin feel Heav'n's blessing, or its rod,
This cries there is, and that, there is no God. 140
What shocks one part will edify the rest,
Nor with one system can they all be blest.
The very best will variously incline,
And what rewards your virtue, punish mine.

WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.—This world, 'tis true,
Was made for Cæsar—but for Titus too: 146
And which more blest'd? who chain'd his country, say,
Or he whose virtue figh'd to lose a day?

“But sometimes Virtue starves, while Vice is fed.”
What then? Is the reward of Virtue bread? 150
That Vice may merit, 'tis the price of toil;
The knave deserves it, when he tills the soil;
The knave deserves it, when he tempts the main,
Where Folly fights for kings, or dives for gain.

The good man may be weak, be indolent; 155
Nor is his claim to plenty, but content.

But grant him riches, your demand is o'er?
“No—shall the good want health, the good want pow'r?”

Add health, and pow'r, and ev'ry earthly thing?

“Why bounded pow'r? why private? why no king?”

Nay, why external for internal giv'n? 161

Why is not man a god, and earth a heav'n?

Who

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 142. in some editions,

Give each a system, all must be at strife;

What different systems for a man and wife?

The joke, though lively, was ill placed, and therefore

struck out of the text.

Who ask and reason thus, will scarce conceive
 God gives enough, while he has more to give;
 Immense the pow'r, immense were the demand;
 Say, at what part of Nature will they stand?

VI. What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
 The soul's calm sunshine, and the heart-felt joy,
 Is Virtue's prize: a better would you fix?
 Then give Humility a coach and fix,
 Justice a conqu'ror's sword, or Truth a gown,
 Or Public Spirit it's great cure, a crown.
 Weak, foolish Man! will Heav'n reward us there?
 With the same trash mad mortals wish for here?
 The boy and man an individual makes,
 Yet sigh'st thou now for apples and for cakes?
 Go, like the Indian, in another life
 Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife;
 As well as dream such trifles are assign'd,
 As toys and empires, for a god-like mind.
 Rewards, that either would to Virtue bring
 No joy, or be destructive of the thing:
 How oft by these at sixty are undone
 The virtues of a saint at twenty-one!
 To whom can riches give repute, or trust,
 Content, or pleasure, but the good and just?
 Judges and senates have been bought for gold,
 Esteem and love were never to be sold.

Oh!

VARIA TIONS.

After ver. 172. in the MS.

Say, what rewards this idle world imparts,
 Or fit for searching heads or honest hearts?

Oh! fool! to think God hates the worthy mind,
The lover and the love of human kind,
Whose life is healthful, and whose conscience clear,
Because he wants a thousand pounds a-year.

Honour and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.
Fortune in men has some small difference made,
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;
The cobbler apron'd, and the parson gown'd,
The frier hooded, and the monarch crown'd.

"What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl!"
I'll tell you, friend! a wise man and a fool.
You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk,
Worth makes the man, want of it the fellow;

The rest is all but leather or prunella,
Stuck o'er with titles and hung round with strings,
That thou mayst be by kings, or whores of kings.
Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race,
In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece;
But by your fathers' worth if yours you rate,
Count me those only who were good and great.

Go;
VARIATIONS.

Ver. 207. *Boast the pure blood, &c.* in the MS. thus:
The richest blood, right honourably old,
Down from Lucretia to Lucretia roll'd,
May swell thy heart and gallop in thy breast,
Without the dash of usher or of priest;
Thy pride as much despise all other pride,
As Christ-church once all colleges beside.

Go; if your ancient, but ignoble blood,
 Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood,
 Go! and pretend your family is young;
 Nor own your fathers have been fools so long.
 What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?
 Alas! not all the blood of all the HOWARDS.
 Look next on Greatness; say where Greatness lies?
 "Where, but among the heroes and the wise?"
 Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
 From Macedonia's madman to the Swede;
 The whole strange purpose of their lives, to find
 Or make, an enemy of all mankind!
 Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,
 Yet ne'er looks forward further than his nose.
 No less alike the politic and wise;
 All fly slow things, with circumspective eyes:
 Man in their loose unguarded hours they take,
 Not that themselves are wise, but others weak.
 But grant that those can conquer, these can cheat;
 'Tis phrase absurd to call a villain great:
 Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
 Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
 Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
 Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains,
 Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
 Like Socrates, that man is great indeed.

What's Fame? a fancy'd life in others' breath,
 A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death.
 Just what you hear, you have; and what's unknown
 The same (my Lord) if Tully's, or your own.

All that we feel of it begins and ends
 In the small circle of our foes or friends :
 To all beside, as much an empty shade
 An Eugene living, as a Cæsar dead ;
 Alike, or when, or where, they shone, or shined
 Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine ;
 A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod ;
 An honest Man's the noblest work of God ;
 Fame but from death a villain's name can save,
 As Justice tears his body from the grave ;
 When what t' oblivion better were resign'd,
 Is hung on high, to poison half mankind.
 All Fame is foreign, but of true desert ;
 Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart :
 One self-approving hour whole years outweighs
 Of stupid flatters, and of loud huzzas ;
 And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels,
 Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.

In parts superior what advantage lies ?
 Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise ?
 'Tis but to know how little can be known ;
 To see all others' faults, and feel our own :
 Condemn'd in bus'ness or in arts to drudge,
 Without a second, or without a judge.
 Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land ?
 All fear, none aid you, and few understand.
 Painful preheminance by yourself to view
 Above life's weakness, and its comforts too.

Bring then these blessings to a strict account ;
 Make fair deductions ; see to what they mount :

How

How much of other each is sure to cost ;
 How each for other oft is wholly lost ;
 How inconsistent greater goods with these ;
 How sometimes life is risk'd, and always ease :
 Think, and if still the things thy envy call,
 Say, wouldst thou be the man to whom they fall ?
 To fight for ribands if thou art so silly,
 Mark how they grace Lord Umbra, or Sir Billy.
 Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life ?
 Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife.
 If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd,
 The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind :
 Or ravish'd with the whistling of a name,
 See Cromwell, damn'd to everlasting fame !
 If all, united, thy ambition call,
 From ancient story learn to scorn them all.
 There, in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd and great,
 See the false scale of Happiness complete !
 In hearts of kings, or arms of queens who lay,
 How happy those to ruin, these betray !
 Mark by what wretched steps their glory grows,
 From dirt and sea-weed as proud Venice rose ;
 In each how guilt and greatness equal ran,
 And all that rais'd the hero, sunk the man.
 Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold,
 But stain'd with blood, or ill exchange'd for gold :
 Then see them broke with toils, or sunk in ease,
 Or infamous for plunder'd provinces.
 Oh wealth ill-fated ! which no act of fame
 E'er taught to shine, or sanctify'd from shame !

What greater bliss attends their close of life?
 Some greedy minion, or imperious wife,
 The trophy'd arches, story'd halls invade,
 And haunt their slumbers in the pompous shade.
 Alas! not dazzled with their noon-tide ray,
 Compute the morn and ev'ning to the day;
 The whole amount of that enormous fame,
 A tale, that blends their glory with their shame!

VII. Know then this truth, (enough for Man to know),
 "Virtue alone is happiness below:"

The only point where human bliss stands still,
 And tastes the good without the fall to ill;
 Where only merit constant pay receives,
 Is blest'd in what it takes, and what it gives:
 The joy unequal'd, if its end it gain,
 And, if it lose, attended with no pain:
 Without satiety though e'er so blest'd,
 And but more relish'd as the more distress'd:
 The broadest mirth unfeeling Folly wears,
 Less pleasing far than Virtue's very tears:
 Good, from each object, from each place acquir'd,
 For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd;

Never

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 316. in the MS.

Ev'n while it seems unequal to dispose,
 And chequers all the good man's joys with woes,
 'Tis but to teach him to support each state,
 With patience this, with moderation that;
 And raise his base on that one solid joy,
 Which conscience gives, and nothing can destroy,

Never elated, while one man's oppress'd;
 Never dejected, while another's blest'd;
 And where no wants, no wishes can remain,
 Since but to wish more Virtue, is to gain.

See the sole bliss Heav'n could on all bestow
 Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know;
 Yet poor with Fortune, and with learning blind,
 The bad must miss; the good, untaught, will find;
 Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
 But looks through Nature up to Nature's God;
 Pursues that chain which links th' immense design,
 Joins heav'n and earth, and mortal and divine;
 Sees, that no being any bliss can know,
 But touches some above, and some below;
 Learns, from this union of the rising whole,
 The first, last purpose of the human soul;
 And knows where faith, law, morals all began,
 All end, in LOVE OF GOD, and LOVE OF MAN. 340

For him alone, HOPE leads from goal to goal,
 And opens still, and opens on his soul;
 Till lengthen'd on to FAITH, and unconfin'd,
 It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind.
 He sees, why Nature plants in Man alone 343
 Hope of known bliss, and faith in bliss unknown:
 (Nature, whose dictates to no other kind
 Are giv'n in vain, but what they seek they find):
 Wife is her present; she connects in this
 His greatest virtue with his greatest bliss;
 At once his own bright prospect to be blest,
 And strongest motive to assist the rest.

Self-love

Self-love thus push'd to social, to divine,
Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessing thine.
Is this too little for the boundless heart? 355

Extend it, let thy enemies have part:
Grasp the whole worlds of reason, life, and sense,
In one close system of benevolence:
Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
And height of bliss but height of CHARITY. 360

God loves from whole to parts: but human soul
Must rise from individual to the whole.

Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;

The centre mov'd, a circle straight succeeds, 365
Another still, and still another spreads;

Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace;
His country next; and next all human race;

Wide and more wide, th' o'erflowings of the mind
Take ev'ry creature in, of ev'ry kind; 370

Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,
And Heav'n beholds its image in his breast.

Come then, my friend! my genius! come along;
Oh master of the poet, and the song!

And
VARIATIONS.

Ver. 373. *Come then, my friend!* &c.] in the MS. thus:

And now transported, o'er so vast a plain,
While the wing'd courser flies with all her rein,
While heav'nward now her mounting wing she feels,
Now scatter'd fools fly trembling from her heels,
Wilt thou, my ST JOHN! keep her course in sight,
Confine her fury and assist her flight?

And while the Muse now sleeps, or now ascends, 373
 To Man's low passions, or their glorious ends,
 Teach me, like thee, in various nature wifely
 To fall, with dignity, with temper rise;
 Form'd by thy converse, happily to steer
 From grave to gay, from lively to severe;
 Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,
 Intent to reason, or polite to please.
 Oh! while along the stream of Time thy name
 Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame;
 Say, shall my little bark attendant fail,
 Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale
 When statesmen, heroes, kings, in dust repose,
 Whose sons shall blush their fathers were thy foes,
 Shall then this verse to future age pretend,
 Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend?
 That, urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art,
 From sounds to things, from fancy to the heart?
 For Wit's false mirror held up Nature's light?
 Shew'd erring Pride, **WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT?**
 That **REASON, PASSION**, answer one great aim?
 That true **SELF LOVE** and **SOCIAL** are the same?
 That **VIRTUE** only makes our bliss below?
 And all our knowledge is, **OURSELVES TO KNOW?**

THE

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 397. *That Virtue only, &c.* in the MS. thus:

That just to find a God is all we can,
 And all the study of mankind is man?

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

DEO OPT. MAX.

Father of all! in ev'ry age,
In ev'ry clime ador'd,
By faint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou great First Cause, least understood:
Who all my sense confin'd
To know but this, that thou art good,
And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill;
And binding Nature fast in Fate,
Left free the human will.

What Conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than hell to shun,
That, more than heav'n pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not cast away;
For God is paid when Man receives,
T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span,
 Thy goodness let me bound,
 Or think thee Lord alone of Man,
 When thousand worlds are round :

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
 Presume thy bolts to throw,
 And deal damnation round the land,
 On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
 Still in the right to stay ;
 If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
 To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride,
 Or impious discontent,
 At aught thy wisdom has deny'd,
 Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's wo,
 To hide the fault I see ;
 That mercy I to others show,
 That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
 Since quicken'd by thy breath ;
 Oh lead me wheresoe'er I go,
 Through this day's life or death.

This day, be bread and peace my lot: 46

All else beneath the sun, 47

Then know't if best bestow'd or not, 48

And let thy will be done. 49

To thee, whose temple is all space, 50

Whose altar, earth, sea, skies! 51

One chorus let all being raise; 52

All Nature's incense rise 53

All Nature's incense rise 54

All Nature's incense rise 55

All Nature's incense rise 56

All Nature's incense rise 57

All Nature's incense rise 58

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All Nature's incense rise 80

[As some passages in the *Essay on Man* have been suspected of favouring the schemes of *Leibnitz* and *Spinoza*, or, as Mr Warburton says, in his note on the *Universal Prayer*, of a tendency towards *Fate* and *Naturalism*; it is thought proper here to insert the two following letters, to shew how ill grounded such a suspicion is.]

Mr POPE to the younger RACINE, a celebrated French writer, occasioned by his animadversions on his *Essay on Man*, in a poem called *Religion*.

S. I. R., London, Sept. 1, 1742.

THE expectation in which I have been for some time past, of receiving the present you have honoured me with, was the occasion of my delaying so long to answer your letter. I am at length favoured

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with your poem upon *Religion*; and should have received from the perusal of it, a pleasure unmix'd with pain, had I not the mortification to find, that you impute several principles to me †, which I abhor and detest. My uneasiness met some alleviation from a passage in your preface, where you declare your inability, from a want of knowledge of the English language, to give your own judgment on the *Essay on Man* †. You add, that you do not controvert my tenets, but the evil consequences deducible from them, and the maxims which some persons of notable sagacity have imagined that they have discovered in my poem. This declaration is a shining proof of your candour, your discretion, and your charity. I must take leave to assure you, Sir, that your unacquaintance with the original has not proved more fatal to me, than the imperfect conceptions of my translators, who have not sufficiently informed themselves of my real sentiments. The many additional embellishments, which my piece has received from the version of M. D. R—, have not done an honour to the *Essay on Man*, equal to the prejudice it has suffered from his frequent misapprehension of the principles it inculcates. These mistakes, you will perceive, are totally refuted in the English piece, which I have transmitted to you. It is a critical and philosophic commentary, written by the learned author of the *Divine legation of Moses*. I flatter myself, that the Chevalier Ramsay will, from his zeal for truth, take the trouble to explain the contents of it. I shall

then

then persuade myself, that your suspicions will be effaced, and I shall have no appeal from your candour and justice.

In the mean time, I shall not hesitate to declare myself very cordially, in regard to some particulars about which you have desired an answer.

I must avow then openly and sincerely, that my principles are diametrically opposite to the sentiments of Spinoza and Leibnitz; they are perfectly coincident with the tenets of M. Paschal, and the Archbishops of Cambray; and I shall always esteem it an honour to me, to imitate the moderation with which the latter submitted his private opinions to the decisions of the church of which he professed himself a member. I have the honour to be,

Yours &c. **A. POPE.**

M. RACINE's answer to Mr POPE.

S I R, Paris, Oct. 25. 1742.

THE mildness and humility with which you justify yourself, is a convincing proof of your religion; the more so, as you have done it to one, on whom it is incumbent to make his own apology for his rash attack upon your character. Your manner of pardoning me is the more delicate, as it is done without any mixture of reproach. But though you acquit me with so much politeness, I shall not so easily forgive myself.

Certain it is, a precipitance of zeal hurried me away. As I had often heard positions, said to be yours, or at least consequences resulting from your essay, cited a-

gainst

20. LETTERS RELATING TO THE ESSAY ON MEN.

gainst certain truths, which I now find you respect as much as myself, I thought I had a right to enter the lists with you. The passage in my preface was extorted from me by a degree of remorse, which I felt in writing against you. This remorse, Sir, was awakened in me by the consideration, that the greatest men are always the most susceptible of the truths of revelation. I was really grieved to think that Mr Pope should oppose a religion, whose enemies have ever been contemptible; and it appeared strange, that in a work which points out the road to happiness, you should furnish arms to those who are industrious to misguide us in the research.

Your letter, at the same time that it does honour to your character, must bring a blush in my face, for having entertained unjust suspicions. But, notwithstanding this, I think myself obliged to make it public. The injury which I have done you was so, the reparation should be the same. I owe this to you, I owe it to myself, I owe it to justice.

Whatever may be said in your favour in the commentary you have sent me, it is now rendered unnecessary by your own declaration. The respect which you avow for the religion you profess, is a sufficient vindication of your doctrine. I will add, that, for the future, those among us who shall feel the laudable ambition of making their poetry subservient to religion, ought to take you for their model; and it should ever be remembered, that the greatest poet in England is one of the humblest sons of the church. I am, &c.

NOTES.

NOTES.

EPISTLE I.

Ver. 22. Thro' worlds unnumber'd, &c.] *Hunc cognoscimus solummodo per proprietates suas et attributa, et per sapientissimas et optimas rerum structuras et causas finales. Newtoni princ. schol. gen. sub fin.*

Ver. 87. Who sees with equal eye, &c.] *Matth. x. 9.*

Ver. 123. In pride, &c.] *Arnobius has passed the same censure on these very follies, which he supposes to arise from the cause here assigned.—Nihil est quod nos fallat, nihil quod nobis polliceatur spes cassas, (id quod nobis a quibusdam dicitur viris immoderat assui opinione sublati), animas immortales esse, Deo, rerum ac principii, gradu proximas dignitatis, genitore illo ac patre prolatas, divinas, sapientes, doctas, neque ulla corporis attractione contiguas. Adversus Gentes.*

Ver. 150. Then Nature deviates, &c.] *"While comets move in very eccentric orbits, in all manner of positions, blind Fate could never make all the planets move one and the same way in orbits concentric; some considerable irregularities excepted, which may have risen from the mutual actions of comets and planets upon one another, and which will be apt to increase, till this system wants a reformation." Sir Isaac Newton's optics, quest. ult.*

Ver. 169. But all subsists, &c.] *See this subject extended in epist. 2. from ver. 9c. to 112. 115. &c.*

Ver. 182. Here with degrees of swiftness, &c.] It is a certain axiom in the anatomy of creatures, That in proportion as they are formed for strength, their swiftness is lessened; or as they are formed for swiftness, their strength is abated.

Ver. 213. the headlong lioness.] The manner of the Lions hunting their prey in the deserts of Africa is this. At their first going out in the night-time they set up a loud roar, and then listen to the noise made by the beasts in their flight, pursuing them by the ear, and not by the nostril. It is probable the story of the jackals hunting for the lion, was occasioned by observation of this defect of scent in that terrible animal.

Ver. 265. Just as absurd, &c.] See the prosecution and application of this in epist. 4.

NOTE—EPIST. II.

Ver. 104. The god within the mind.] A platonic phrase for conscience.

NOTES—EPIST. III.

Ver. 45. See all things for my use.] On the contrary, the wise man hath said, "The Lord hath made all things for himself," Prov. xvi. 4.

Ver. 68. Than favour'd Man, &c.] Several of the ancients, and many of the orientals since, esteemed those who were struck by lightning as sacred persons, and the particular favourites of Heaven.

Ver. 177. Learn of the little nautilus, &c.] Oppian. Halieut. lib. 1. describes this fish in the following manner.

"They

NOTES

"They swim on the surface of the sea, on the back of their shells, which exactly resemble the hull of a ship; they raise two feet like masts, and extend a membrane between which serves as a sail; the other two feet they employ as ears at the sides. They are usually seen in the Mediterranean."

Ver. 303. For forms of government, &c.—[Whatever is best, &c.] In 1740, Mr Pope wrote the following words on the margin of a book, where he found these two lines misapplied. "The author of these lines was far from meaning, that no one form of government is, in itself, better than another, (as, that mixed or limited monarchy, for example, is not preferable to absolute); but that no form of government, however excellent or preferable in itself, can be sufficient to make a people happy, unless it be administered with integrity. On the contrary, the best sort of government, when the form of it is preserved, and the administration corrupt, is most dangerous."

NOTES—UNIVERSAL PRAYER, &c.

* Mr Warburton gives the following account of Mr Pope's design in this prayer, viz.

"It may be proper to observe, that some passages in the preceding Essay, having been unjustly suspected of a tendency towards Fate and Naturalism, the author composed this prayer as the sum of all, to shew that his system was founded in freewill, and terminated in piety; That the First Cause was as well the Lord and Governor of the universe as the Creator of it; and that,

NOTES.

by submission to his will (the great principle enforced throughout the Essay), was not meant the suffering ourselves to be carried along by a blind determination; but the resting in a religious acquiescence, and confidence full of hope and immortality. To give all this the greater weight, the poet chose for his model the LORD'S PRAYER, which of all others, best deserves the title prefixed to his paraphrase.

† The following lines, chant. 2. l. 92.—97. are probably alluded to.

Sans doute qu'à ces mots, des bords de la Tamise
 Quelque abstrait raisonneur, qui ne se plaint de rien,
 Dans son flegme Anglican répondra, Tout est bien.
 "Le grand Ordonnateur dont le dessein si sage,
 De tant d'êtres divers ne forme qu'un ouvrage,
 Nous place à notre rang pour orner son tableau."

† M. Racine, in an advertisement prefixed to his answer to M. Rousseau's letter against the Freethinkers, speaks thus, N'ayant pas le bonheur de pouvoir lire dans l'original les ouvrages de M. Pope, le plus célèbre poète que l'Angleterre ait aujourd'hui, je ne prétens pas attaquer ici ses véritables sentiments, dont je ne puis être certain. Je ne prétens attaquer que ceux qui sont devenus si communs parmi nous depuis la lecture de son Essai sur l'Homme, dont les principes n'étant pas assez développés pour nous, sont cause que plusieurs personnes croient y trouver un système, qui n'est peut-être pas celui de l'auteur.

